P S 2545 P2F3 1887







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. Coppright No.
Shelf PS 2545
P2 F3

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

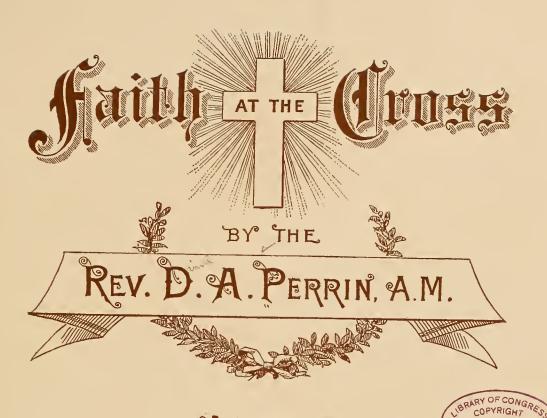








-- 6 --



"Im pearing Home" "Only to Thee" WASHINGTON Lord to Thee."

ILLUSTRATED SAND SET TO MUSIC.

33

PUBLISHERS.
LYON & HEALY,
COR. STATE & MONROE STS.
CHICAGO.

Gopyright,

∴ By D. A. Perrin, ∴

1887.

PREFACE.

HE first Christmas hymn sung by the heavenly host foreshadowed the Cross of Calvary, otherwise the chorus of praise had not contained the words "on earth peace, good will toward men."

The world has come to believe not less in Him of Calvary than in the fact there was "born in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

No one, unless prejudiced, can doubt these historical facts. Infidels may declare them to be a myth, a delusive dream, but nothing in human history is better authenticated.

We chant, each year, with our children the song of the angels, and read anew the story of Bethlehem and Calvary without questioning the inspired record.

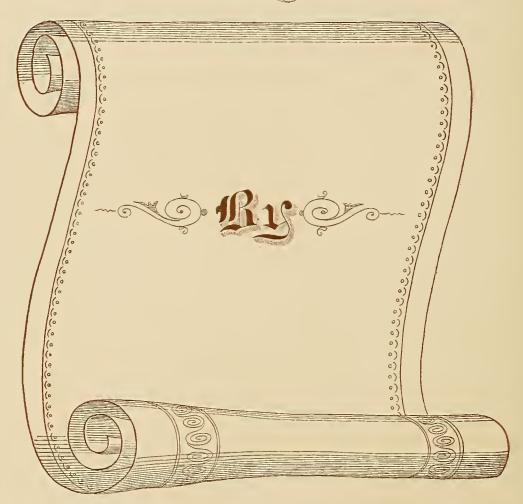
"Faith at the Cross" doubts not the Christ. Like Toplady's "Rock of Ages" and Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," it is a heart hymn, full of faith — the overflow of a soul filled with the wonders of redeeming love.

Faith is personified. At first she is represented in an attitude of wonderment, while beholding a rugged cross; then of admiration and worship; then as taking refuge in Him of Calvary; and finally as clinging to the cross as her only refuge.

This illustrated poem is sent forth on its mission of love, suitable as a present or Christmas offering, in the hope it may both please and profit every lover of poetry and song.

THE AUTHOR.

Tresented in



List of Illustrations.

Frontiapiece,	-		-	page 6
Faith Stood booking at the Gross,		-		- 12
Jesus Bore the Gross for Men.	_		-	924
In the Gross of Galvary,		_		- 16
bet Me Hide Myself in Thee, -	_		-	18
Only to Thy Gross & Gling, -		-		- 20
atill to Thy Dear Gross J'll Gling,	-		_	22



бне бнеме.

aith stood looking at the cross,

Wondering at so great a loss;

Raught of good was in her hand,

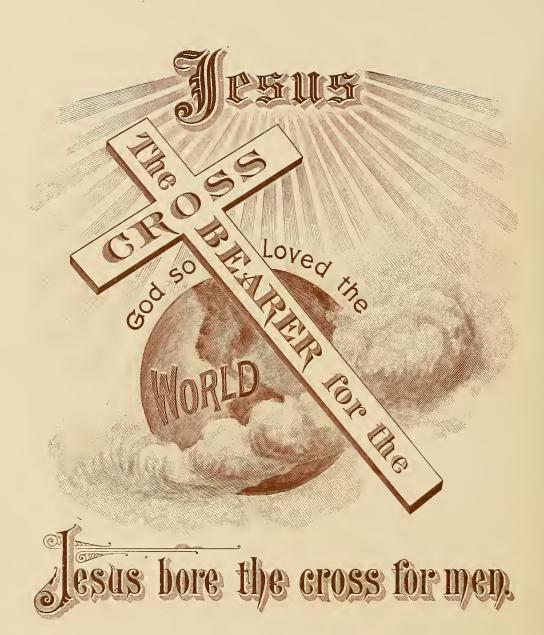
Raught of merit could she command.

Gazing at the rugged form,

Suddenly did it transform;

Jadeless beauty wreath'd His face,

Joy came in, and wondrous grace.



edud bore the crops for men, Open'd wide the gate to Heav'n; Not my will, but Thine, be Jone, OWas the victory He won, Owrestling for the souls He lov'a, To redeem them by His blood. Every nation, kindred, tribe, bet us in His love abide.



n the crops of Galvary

All the wealth of love of see;

Decked in beauty and in grace,

d behold Thy lovely face;

Jesus now to me is given,

Glorious pleage of life and heav'n.

In Thy love, a refuge free,

bet me hide myself in Thee.



ome, Traw year, behold the cross,
Emblem of the world's great loss;

Sinners ruined by the fall

Find in Ghrist their all in all;

To redeem them from all sin

That pure life was freely given.

This the all-availing plea,

bet me fide myself in Thee.



h' Gross of Jesus, lovely now, OW reath'd in glory, here & bow, Token of the Saviour's love, Jairest pleage of heav'n above; Now of my drawn to Thy embrace, Ano behold Thy wondrous grace; In my hands of nothing bring, Only to ofly Gross of cling.



Still-to-Thy-Dear-Gross-I'll-Gling.

Still to Thy dear cross d'll cling.

Sav'a, united by Thy grace,

Soon shall & befold Thy face;

Much forgiven, much & love,

Thus my treasure is above;

So in ages yet to come,

Glad, d'il sing and praise at home.



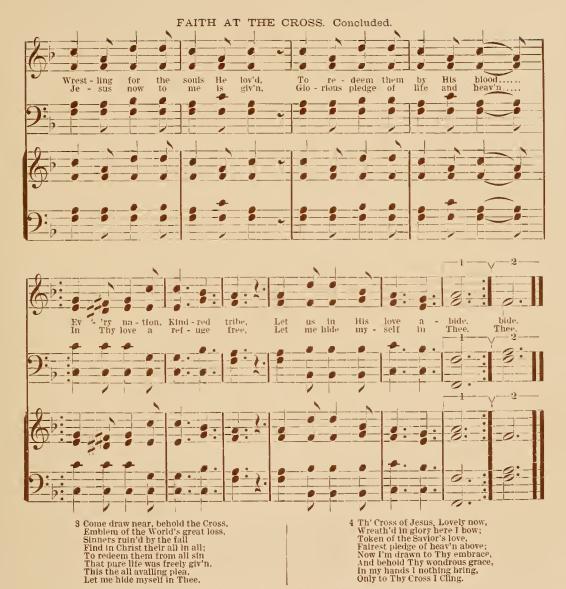


— 25 **—**

Faith at the Gross.



Copyrighted, 1887, by D. A. PERRIN,



5 Thon, my Prophet. Priest and King. Still to Thy dear cross I'll cling. Sav'd, united by Thy grace. Soon shall I behold Thy face; Much forgiven, much I love. Thus my treasure is above: So in ages yet to come, Glad, I'll sing and praise at home.









UBBARY OF CONGRESS 0 015 873 087 A